

C O N T E N T S

EDITORIAL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
THE END OF THE CRAFTS									
By WALTER J. MARX	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
"WHERE DO YOU WORK, MARIE?"									
A SYMPOSIUM	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
THE SMALLER NUTS AND BOLTS									
By C. MARY LARKINS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
JOB HUNTING AND VOCATION									
By PETER MICHAELS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
TO A CATHOLIC FARMER (a poem)									
By JOSEPH DEVER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CLERKS									
By JOHN C. HICKS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
GOLD RUSH AT DAYBREAK and THE UNFORGIVEN									
(poems)									
By JOHN C. HICKS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
THE DEVIL OF IT									
By AILEEN MARY CLEGG	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
BOOK REVIEWS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

INTEGRITY is published by lay Catholics and
dedicated to the task of discovering the new
synthesis of RELIGION and LIFE for our times.

Vol. II, No. 4

January 19

Published Monthly by Integrity Publishing Co., 1556 York Avenue New York
28 N. Y., Pl 9-8313. Edited by Edward Willock and Carol Jackson. En-
tered as Second Class Matter October 14, 1946 at the Post Office at
New York, N. Y. Under the Act of March 3, 1897. All single
copies 25 cents each; yearly subscriptions domestic \$3.00,
Canadian \$3.50, Foreign \$4.00.

EDITORIAL



MASS production is a phenomenon too familiar to require much definition. We wish to regard it here as the social manifestation of a spiritual problem. It is, in fact, the form which society assumes when the orientation of that society is to mammon and not to God.

Few men will refute the argument that under a system of mass production the worker is dehumanized. The facts are far too obvious. It is cognized, however, that mass production is consistent with the present orientation of society, and that we could not rid ourselves of its evil effects without an entire re-orientation. There are few people who desire a re-orientation. Change the little things, they will, but not the direction. Of these few, there are even fewer who are trying with any vigor to bring it about. We hold in *INTEGRITY* that both in its end (which is profit), and in its means (which violate man's natural integrity), mass production is inconsistent with Christianity.

In addition to the evils found in other forms of slavery, mass production is unique in that it is an enslavement of minds rather than bodies. The worker is denied the right to *think* about his work, nor is it usually possible for him to think about anything else while he works. This inertia fostered in his higher faculties, threatens whatever control he might have over his lower faculties, which are (as far as the boss is concerned) left free to operate with unbridled license. When he leaves his work, he enters an atmosphere of sense-stimulation, also mass produced, that discourages him from imposing spiritual and intellectual disciplines which might otherwise compensate for the debilitating aridity of his working hours.

We have chosen to include in this issue a spiritual analysis of the Telephone Company (*Where Do Ya Work, Marie?*) because we have here the spiritual anemia generated by mass production without any of those material evils which in other cases distract one's attention from the basic problem.

Just as a reminder that the victims of mass production are not always clad in overalls, nor necessarily employed by capitalists, we examine the position of the clerks in Detroit and the civil servants in London. (*The Care And Feeding of Clerks*, and *The Smaller Nuts And Bolts*)

On the general problems created by mass production, Mrs. Phi Hagreen (Aileen Mary Clegg), proves to be as articulate with words as her husband with pictures. (*The Devil Of It*)

The person is the unresolved problem in the mass production of man. Man, designed by God to seek his perfection in the good, the true, and the beautiful, especially when he is sprung from a Christian culture, cannot quietly be reduced to a productive equation. This question is discussed in *Job Hunting And Vocation*.

A responsible man is responsible about everything, about his work and about his prayer. Spiritual responsibility is expressed in spiritual virtue. Intellectual and social responsibility is expressed in science and craft. A Christian (a normal) society would be made up predominantly of craftsmen (not mediievally romantic craftsmen, but contemporary craftsmen). *The End of the Crafts* points out the sad condition of modern man bereft of manual skill, socially impotent, and politically inarticulate.

We realize the implications of our thus striking at the productive system to which our modern society is geared. It would indeed be quixotic to tilt with so formidable a wind-mill were it not so obvious that the restoration of modern things to Christ must require a struggle with giants. It is not until we meet giants that we realize how completely dependent we are upon God.

THE EDITORS

Excuse It, Please!

In last month's issue a series of errors appeared on page 17, traceable as far as circumstantial evidence goes, to the devil who traditionally inhabits printing shops. The original text went this way, beginning with the sentence in this way through the first paragraph:

... But matter considered in itself, not united to form, is infinite; it *can* become anything. Similarly, a freshly mixed batch of concrete is capable of being made into many things, of receiving many different forms. It can become a house, a burial vault, a church a statue, etc. Now since we can only know by forms, matter as destitute of form is absolutely unintelligible. We can only know it as it is, united to a form, and it is in virtue of its form that we know it. Form, too, is infinite, for of itself it is common to many things. But it is made finite by being received in matter, i.e., it becomes the form of this particular thing.

The End of the Crafts

It is impossible to discuss the decline of the crafts from a quantitative viewpoint. Statistics can be found to show the decline in numbers of apprentices being trained in the various crafts. Some months ago, in discussing the building trades, *The Commonwealth* gave some figures along this line showing that the carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, etc. of America were old men, due particularly to the failure during the depression years to train apprentices. However, of deeper significance than mere statistical analysis are the implications to our society of the decline of the crafts.

Before the rise of industrialism in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries most manufactured goods were, as the word "manufacture" indicates, made by hand or with the aid of simple machinery operated by hand, by highly skilled craftsmen animated largely by the pride of workmanship rather than by the desire for financial gain. The guild rules of the medieval crafts were designed to repress unfair competition which included buying raw materials more cheaply than one's competitors, working overtime in order to step up production, using inferior materials, advertising one's wares. It was even forbidden to sneeze or cough when a customer walked by one's stall in order to attract his attention. The craftsman was not permitted to undercut his competitor's prices. The sole field of competition was in the quality of workmanship and the products of all craftsmen in a given line had to meet certain standards of quality.

With the introduction of machines in certain crafts it was discovered that the old skills were no longer required. Small children could be used to tend the new machines provided that a few men were trained as engineers and mechanics to keep the new machines in working order. It is not my intention here to trace once again the story of this long development. The next advance in productivity and in the simplification of work came with what we commonly know as the assembly line allied to what is sometimes called "Taylorism." The elaborate studies made of the operations of the Western Electric plant near Chicago explain just what is meant by this. Each complex operation is divided into several simpler operations until finally all that is required for even so complicated a gadget as a telephone is the ability on the part of the worker to put together a single arm with a single screw. An employee further along the line adds two of these simple assemblies together until someone with no more skill adds on the final piece of the telephone. The only skills required are manual dexterity, a certain tirelessness and a certain imperviousness to monotony. Thinking and imagina-

tion are actual handicaps under such conditions and the psychologists tell us that the ideal assembly-line workers are the feeble-minded. The result is that one ends up with large masses of workers who have no vested interest in their jobs, who can be replaced by other masses of workers who will require as little as two or three days on-the-job training. At the other extreme is an elite of highly-skilled engineers and mechanics who serve as trouble-shooters to keep the whole mechanism of industrialism in operation.

It is surprising that more has not been written upon the implications of the decline of craftsmanship. At least ten years ago, in *Survey Graphic*, Clarence Dykstra had an interesting article on the dependence of modern civilization in both Europe and America upon approximately two hundred thousand engineers. He estimated that if some catastrophe should ever wipe out these men, or if they became conscious of their might and organized themselves for the rule of the world, our present society would be at an end since there is not a man in a hundred thousand who would know how to plan and build complicated machinery that makes the New York skyscraper possible, enables America to produce the millions of automobiles it does every year. I think it unnecessary to stress the dangerous implications of the genuine threat to American democracy in our utter dependence upon this handful of technicians.

The decline of the crafts in certain industries came early. In portions of America, however, certain crafts remained up to a comparatively recent date. The village blacksmith for example, now completely gone in many parts of the country, was a real craftsman, able to make parts for some of the complicated machines farmers began to buy from International Harvester. His disappearance has forced farmers into abject dependence upon the procurement of parts from the factory, the factory's price and dependent upon whether or not it is really profitable for the factory to manufacture parts for old machines or rather to force the farmer to buy new machines.

Much has been made of the mechanical skills developed by the men trained to repair automobiles. Some of these men undoubtedly can be called craftsmen in the real sense of the word. I have a neighbor who is such a man. But my own experience in the city and the experience of my friends show that the average city automobile mechanic is anything but a craftsman. For example, on taking my car to the biggest service center in Washington for cars of its kind to have a seventy-five cent light switch installed, I had a bill for thirteen dollars which included four hours labor at three dollars an hour for this simple job.

Recently, my old 1937 car was ready to quit for good and I had neither the priority nor the money to get a new car. Someone told me of the possibility of installing a smaller engine of another type of car in mine place of the twelve-cylinder gas-eater I then had. I called this same service center and then telephoned every other leading garage in Washington which I believe to be equipped to handle a job of this sort. Each garage refused to tackle the job. The leading agency stated that the mechanics were all "specialists" and that they had no one man who could change engines in this fashion. In other words, mechanics have "specialized" themselves out of the craftsman class only to a lesser degree than the assembly-line worker. I had my neighbor-friend change the engine for me and he had the job done in two days even though it involved welding pieces on to the frame of the car to support the shorter engine, changing the exhaust, etc. I ran into the same sort of urban decline in craftsmanship the other day when I had a simple job of sharpening a heavy saw. It was with much difficulty that I finally found a place in Washington which could do a job of this kind.

Henry Bamford Parkes in his new book, *The American Experience*, emphasizes that the success of American industrialism and the success of the American when he goes to war are due directly to his pioneer and craft heritage. The qualities of initiative, independence, self-discipline and drive stem from the American's heritage of pioneer days when the pioneer had to be able to do almost everything for himself. Mr. Parkes wonders if industrialism can survive once this original capital of energy and initiative is dissipated. At the present time American industry is still in the hands of the managers and the owners but what will happen when the skilled technicians realize their monopoly on "know-how" and attempt to take over? When craftsmanship was widely diffused it would have been manifestly impossible for a small handful of craftsmen to establish a monopoly over production. But this is no longer true. The keen competition for the brains of a few thousand German scientists and engineers by the United States, the Latin-American countries and Russia is an indication of the tremendous power that can be wielded by the small number of men who know how to make turn the wheels of our technical culture. That these same men too often seem to be blind to the social significance of their experiments makes them potentially all the more dangerous.

Borsodi has always argued that no man can really be a man, can really experience life and develop into a well-rounded individual, unless he himself experiences some of the manual labor on which society rests, even the disagreeable jobs such as garbage removal. Eric Gill and others have proven conclusively that the decline of craftsmanship is

allied to the degradation of man as a man, a degradation so widespread in our age that one is reminded of the Helots of ancient Greece. Even our intellectuals, our professors and teachers, divorced from manual labor and from making things of beauty and usefulness with their hands are too often only half-men, unable to understand the incoherent dissatisfaction of the masses of workers who, untrained in any craft, themselves fail to realize the deep-lying reasons for their own discontent. Not only decentralists but also the somewhat stuffy writers discussing the Western Electric experiments agree that the loss of craftsmanships by the worker on the assembly-line has deprived the worker's job of real meaning. This has had shattering effects upon the worker's psychological attitudes toward society and toward his fellow-workers. It has made the size of the pay-check the sole criterion of success and of social standing in the worker community. Peter Drucker has also pointed out the tremendous craving of the worker for recognition and his dissatisfaction at being a mere cog whose job can be done by an unskilled worker in a day or two's training. The very terminology of the job descriptions in a plant such as that of Western Electric with thirty-five thousand employees means nothing to those people in the community who do not work in the plant.

Jefferson and his followers did not believe that American democracy could long continue if Americans ceased to be independent property-holders and skilled craftsmen. The psychological effects of insecurity and the lack of status in the ranks of labor create a type of individual unsuited to bear the responsibilities of the free citizen. Karen Horney in her book, *The Neurotic Personality of Our Time* and Professor Lynd, in his *Knowledge for What?* have given examples of the devastating effects of modern industrialism and industrialism's culture upon the man of the twentieth century. Mr. Parkes points out that growth into psychological maturity requires a healthy self-assurance and self-esteem and that when these are lacking, as they are in the case of a man with no special skill, it becomes more difficult for individuals to assume the full emotional responsibilities of adulthood. He believes that the prolongation of adolescence became a frequent characteristic of twentieth-century urban Americans, even among the business and professional classes, particularly among those most involved in the competitive struggle. He dismisses with scorn the old whine about Americans being so boyish because of the fact that America is a young country. He points out that the men of the eighteenth century living when America was even younger, were adults, and that the emotional immaturity of American men is a twentieth-century phenomenon allied to an increased dependence upon American women. As he puts it: "The man of the industrial age was apt to have a n

tic dependence, first upon his mother and afterwards upon his wife, owing to his own insecurity and lack of masculine self-assurance."

Today, in large portions of the civilized world one sees the tragic results of too great a dependence upon technicians and engineers after the destruction of the craftsmanship of the masses of the workers. I have already pointed out that we must revise our entire idea of American democracy if we have to face the future with a handful of engineers and skilled men in charge of vast masses of unskilled workers. And it will be only the technicians who will be able really to develop into well-rounded personalities, into men in the spiritual sense of the word and even they are likely to become warped by the vast power they will inevitably possess. The poverty of occupied Germany would not be so devastating if more men imbued with the spirit of craftsmanship and equipped with the necessary skills were in existence. The picture is all the more black because of the draining off of the technicians and skilled workers to Russia and to the West. A catastrophe such as one sees in Germany could not have occurred in an earlier age or in say American colonial society of the eighteenth century. Even the Thirty Years' War which wiped out a third of the German population did not drag in its wake the utter material destitution and spiritual emptiness which confront one in Germany today.

If we are indeed already in the "twilight of civilization," and I believe we are, it is imperative that as many of us as possible attempt to preserve the ideals of craftsmanship and to become at least superficially acquainted with the fundamental trades necessary for the survival of the race,—farming, elementary building techniques, the use of tools of various sorts, etc. We must train ourselves to become more self-reliant, to do things for ourselves that we have been accustomed to have done by someone else. We must begin now to band together with others who think along similar lines so that we can pool our experience and skills in order to be mutually helpful without sacrificing our individual independence. We can start training our children along similar lines and, if possible, establish our own schools when, as in my case, we live too far from parochial schools. The time is exceedingly short. The world of tomorrow will belong to those who in the time remaining have first learned the lessons of survival taught in all the pages of history. It will belong to the men who have recaptured some of the skills of their pioneer ancestors and whose own personalities have developed confidence and courage, initiative and faith, no matter the physical and moral crisis confronting Western society.

WALTER J. MARX

"Where Do Ya Work, Marie?"

The Telephone Company affords an apt illustration of the ew attendant on the present false orientation of our economic and soco system. We cite the Telephone Company because of its ubiquity, I cause everyone is familiar with the function and usefulness of t telephone, and also because it is very honorable according to the lig of modern secular society. Our view will not be clouded by accidn chicanery. The true dilemma will not be obscured by irresponsibil in the management of the company, or by the dishonesty, inefficiency philandering of the employees.

The Snowball Process

There is a universal tendency toward elephantiasis in modernstitutions. Health is measured by a progressive, and progressively mo strous, growth. Why? What is the cause of this social cancer? Th situation is analagous to that of bodily cancer. The cancer cell, the c which runs wild, is the cell which has lost its functional orientati to the good of the whole body.

Now consider the telephone cancer. The initial cell (the te phone) found itself in a social body, but without a functional positi in that social body. If the society itself had been healthy it would ha provided a welcome and a modest functional place for the new instt ment. But it was a degenerate society, which perforce left the telepho to its own resources, to grow wild as best and as fast as it could, up and including feeding on the parent organism.

Let there be no mistake about it. The telephone is a clever inv tion. It uses electricity and wires (now sometimes radio) to enable m to speak to each other at a distance. It is truly "wonder-full," wonder to begin with and ever more wonderful in its subsequent extensio perfections and ramifications. But it was conceived in a society wh was structurally diseased. Men still behaved in a fairly ordered w but from habit. Society lacked a universal and official conviction th spiritual values were more important than material ones. Its eyes w earthward. Its shining goal was "success," and it subscribed to a d trine of progress which let things run wild. A spiritually strong socie could have used Alexander Graham Bell's new mechanism in so manner relative to its real importance. It could have made the te phone subserve the common good in some modest fashion. But socie was not strong enough to see the telephone in its relative insignifican It could only gape and let the thing develop according to such princip as it could find within itself. So instead of society's putting the te phone in its place, the telephone grew unchecked and became inst mental in transforming society itself for the worse. It was one o series of communication inventions (the radio, the mass-produced au

able, the airplane are others) which have stepped up the tempo of about as far as it can possibly go, and drawn all nations together into an unhappy, chaotic world. It's nice to be neighborly if you love your neighbor, but if charity doesn't reign, isolation is useful for keeping the peace. If the development of the telephone (the same goes for means of rapid communication and transportation) had followed on charity and necessity, it would be wonderful. Since it precedes them it precipitates a crisis.

There is no reason in the telephone itself why it should cease to develop before every man in the world can communicate instantaneously with every other man in the world. And it turns out that it is profitable to develop toward this goal. Once you have a telephone and no external boundaries placed on its potential use, you have but to begin and the whole process tends to its own sort of infinity. The cost of wiring between cities and within them is so great that the number of subscribers must constantly be increased in order to reduce the cost per subscriber.

The first stage is that of painful beginnings and of preliminary capitalization. This stage belongs to the remote past of the telephone empire as a whole. Also finished, but with a memory which lingers on, is the era of incorporation and consolidation into monopoly. This process is still regarded as nefarious *per se* by the ordinary citizen, but that is an unfair indictment. Some sort of consolidation and centralization is absolutely necessary (once you get off to a bad beginning) for reasons of economy and efficiency. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the parent holding company (it is also the long distance operating company) of twenty-six associated operating companies, of Western Electric (manufacturing), The Bell Laboratories and some minor companies. It also indirectly exercises controlling influence over such independent operating companies as remain.

The bigger the monopoly the greater the potential threat it presents to the common good. The telephone business, and other modern monopolies, ought to have been integrated with the common good in the beginning, as we tried to show above. We are now in a stage of general economic development in which the integration of large monopolies becomes imperative. This is the era of socialization. All it means is that some way must be found for the common good to rise above the greedy economic monsters which threaten it. The only *natural* (that is, natural to the system which is operating) means of preserving the common good is socialization, which means a virtual identification of the economic and political orders.

But this is to anticipate. There is no serious threat of socialization of the telephone services at the moment. However, the telephone companies are regulated by the several states and the federal govern-

ment, as is common with public utilities. From government regulation to government control would be a small step, hardly noticeable except in a few men's bank accounts. Everything within the company affects the ordinary workers, would then be the same except more

Standardization

You just can't centralize without standardizing. The whole megalomaniac process of external consolidation is paralleled at every step by a concomitant internal process of mechanization. Men are turned into mechanical parts of a vast company machine, solely as a result of bigness and intricacy and not through deliberate malice. The process has almost reached perfection in the Telephone Company now. In the clerical departments every least procedure is exactly specified by detailed instructions which are written up in "bibles" and are the same in San Francisco as in New York. It is not just the least skilled employees who are thus deprived of mental exercise, but it extends to many managerial positions as well. With the operators the control is more on the physical level: "This is exactly how you will sit and what you will say." The solicitude of the company representative is likewise minutely prescribed. Only the President of the Board of the A. T. & T. is as free a man in his work as, say, the bootblack around the corner.

Most people are not willing to face the problem that standardization poses. The fact is that there are hundreds of thousands of workers reduced to a sub-rational condition of work, and that it is in the nature of the case that this must be so. No one wants it to be so, yet no one can conceive of relinquishing the telephone for the sake of the workers. It is a dilemma to which we shall return. At the moment let us consider one of the ways in which men hope they can slip through its hold.

The Machine

When social reformers aren't damning the machine for causing unemployment, they are rejoicing that it may indeed cause unemployment, and so eliminate the sub-human work which has been brought about by the concentration of the economic system. Will the machine really do that? Can we look forward to the day when ex-telephone girls will be home taking care of the children while their former work is done by precision machinery?

Evidently we cannot. Take an example which is not peculiar to the Telephone Company, that of installing huge tabulating machines in the pay-roll departments to handle the intricacies of that work. What happens is ironic. First of all, contrary to common opinion, the number of employees is not thereby reduced. It merely means a shift from work which is hard and monotonous (computing and computing and computing), to work which is completely mechanical. These tabulating machines, which are marvelously contrived, work by being fed cards which have been properly coded and punched. The girl who formerly

puted is now punching and coding and watching the machine doing computation, and checking on the multitudinous errors which result in the residual human element in the process.

The same sort of thing happened with the advent of the dial phone. There were fewer jobs afterwards, but still a lot of them. And it was more useful to say, "Number Please," and get the number, then it is to say, "What number did you call? Will you please try dialing that number again."

For all that the machine is evidently not going to solve the human problem, but only aggravate it, the trend is toward machinery for reasons other than consideration of the human element. In the case of the tabulating machines it is because of the complexity of deductions and accounts, the vast amount of information and breakdowns of data which have to be supplied. This goes with bigness and with intricacy of the financial juggling in modern bookkeeping, much of which is done in respect of taxation or to satisfy federal supervision. It will only increase and when we get socialization. Red tape *ad infinitum* is the keynote of socialization.

Behind the Voice With a Smile

The recent telephone strike was held, ostensibly, to gain equitable working conditions and a "living wage" for the workers. Actually this was not the reason for which the workers so willingly left their jobs and held mass demonstrations outside their office buildings. Working conditions are excellent and the wages quite adequate. Both the company and the employees were surprised that the strike lasted as long as it did. Neither side won. If anything, the company lost much of the good will it had fostered. This unexpected revolution indicated an interest that lies deeper than the union demands would indicate.

Let us take a look at the average worker.

When she applies for a position she is subjected to an exhaustive physical examination and a battery of intelligence and aptitude tests. Once she is accepted as a good physical specimen with balanced judgment, she undergoes a training period which lasts several weeks under conditions as perfect as psychologists could make it: classes are limited to six (Two is the desired number but the turnover is so rapid that three times as many girls are trained as are needed. Girls who stick with the company two years are considered "old timers."); the walls are painted green; all the latest devices utilizing appeals to the various senses are used, including phonograph records, motion pictures, and projectoscope. She learns how to read manuals and how to act according to set formulas.

Above all, she is told, "You are the Telephone Company. Remember that. Even off duty your friends will question you about their telephones because, to them, you represent the company. It is upon

your actions that the reputation of our organization is built." They are calculated to give her a feeling of importance, a feeling in sharp contrast to the actual lack of responsibility of her job.

She will be well paid for the work she is to do. Even boys and girls in their teens earn from \$28 to \$33 a week for the unskilled occupation of messengering. Operators start at \$28 and receive frequent periodic raises, in addition to assurance of a pension and many other benefits. She may work up to be a chief operator or supervisor and receive from \$85 to \$125 a week.

Acting on the theory that "you get more out of a well-kept home," free medical attention is provided, cost cafeterias, relief periods, beautifully decorated lounges. The company even had a rest home in the country but could never get enough girls to take advantage of it because it did not provide enough "excitement." Some of the offices have libraries that are well stocked with the latest novels and mystery stories—but few books that could be of any spiritual assistance to the worker. No attempt is made to provide any measure of Christian philosophy even in view of the fact that the greater majority of employees is Catholic.

The earnest young woman upon entering the company is disturbed by the lack of consistency between theory and practice. On the one hand she is led to believe that she is an integral part of the organization yet she experiences no sense of belonging, of being needed by the company in which she finds herself. The job is routinized so that she can be replaced at any time by another equally ambitious young woman. Her work is not truly her own product. It is only a minute part of the whole. It is difficult for her to appreciate her contribution, to see the results of her work. The responsibility for the job being taken from her, she cannot experience any real satisfaction or sense of accomplishment.

Hooper, who conducts the rating of radio shows' popularity, prefers to hire ex-telephone people as interviewers because, as he explains, "The Bell system turns people into perfect automatons."

No, the fault does not lie in wages or conditions. The unrest is due to something more fundamental and more deeply rooted in the heart of man; it is the lack of any sense of spiritual value or human responsibility *in the work itself*. The work is not definitely evil, and conversely, it is not definitely good. If there were a definite evil it might be better in the long run, because then there would be something concrete to fight against and the soul would not be plunged into a sickly, lukewarm bath of spiritual inertia. As it stands now, the work is a standardized, impersonal operation in which the worker is given definite instructions on how to stand or sit, how to use her hands and arms, and even on what to say or type. She dares not think for herself.

suggestion boxes invite her ideas, but only to make the work even simpler and thus more degrading). Every phase of her work is governed by rules and regulations that are uniform throughout the country. Under these conditions it is impossible to foster any pride of craftsmanship or skill in the individual.

The average young woman imagines that the answer to her dissatisfaction and boredom lies in shorter hours and higher wages, so that the life she can build up outside the office will compensate for the hours of soulless drudgery spent on the job. Since she finds no joy in her work she seeks distraction in day-dreaming about another new dress, the new boy she just met, the fur coat advertised in the morning's newspaper (ten dollars down and ten a week), the cocktail ring in the jewelry shop two doors down. She denies herself wholesome lunches in order to acquire more and more luxuries. She seeks pleasure in the movies, the best-sellers, her "dates." These fill her conversation at lunchtime and at rest periods. Her only reference to her work is to complain about its monotony but she has a certain loyalty to the company which provides so adequately for her material well-being.

She does not realize the danger to her spiritual and moral health. She listens in on the telephone conversations because she finds it a welcome relief to glimpse the life going on outside the walls around her. She knows she is violating the company's rules but everyone does—she would be aghast and unbelieving if she were told that she is committing the sins of curiosity and eavesdropping.

Marriage is a vague and distant goal at the back of her mind but she never wonders if she is prepared for it, nor would she know how to do so beyond making herself more attractive. Meanwhile she takes as her model the older women in the office, most of whom are married and childless (and whose husbands make good salaries), exquisitely groomed, beautifully coifed and fashionably dressed. These women have everything at their fingertips, materially speaking. Their work is monotonous but so well paid are they for their time that they are reluctant to leave. They may take maternity leave at any time but the temptation to practice birth control is overpowering. Adultery and divorce are practically non-existent since most of them are Catholics, but in one office only five out of thirty-four married women have children. They spend their money on more and more of the latest gadgets for their homes—a pink boudoir telephone, a wall of glass brick for the kitchen, on cars equipped with the newest push buttons, on thirty-five dollar hats. After a tiring day at the office they rush home to prepare a hurried meal, with dessert being the little gaily-tied box of goodies picked up while lunching at Schrafft's or Huyler's. They have no time to rear large families, no time to be creative at work or

at home. Their feverish concern for acquiring more and more things and their devotion to money-making has blinded them to the sterility of their lives.

So here we have it, the latest actors in that old play—Man and the Machine. When the last of the guildsmen and the first of the Reformers looked out into the jaundiced dawn of the New Era, they could never have imagined anything like Ma Bell. The Bell system is a machine so superlative in size, complexity and power, that even those who are its "brain" cannot grasp it in its entirety. Even if it were a good thing, it would still be a terrible thing.

The system is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. At a moment's notice it can affect the lives of half the inhabitants of the globe merely by continuing or discontinuing to do the things that we have come to take for granted. While busy with the Herculean (inadequate adjective!) task of distributing bundles of articulate energy from here to there to anywhere on the planet, it can simultaneously bend its attention to the mere matter of analyzing ink eradicators, prescribing the proper method for cutting linoleum. If you are bleeding to death it will get you a doctor. If you are bored to death it will get you a taxi. For every one of its departments it has compiled a *summa* which prescribes the proper routine to be followed whether the problem concerns the respiratory disorders of an operator, or the meteorological disorders of the universe. Under its dominion, eighteen thousand messages elbow their way from Philadelphia to New York through a solid tube one inch in diameter, while across a western prairie it is flinging a message sans wires to a lonely cowboy's phone propped on a cracker box in his solitary hut.

Money, the green oil that lubricates every moving human part of the machine, is channeled from slot, to bank, to pocket, in an endless stream. The nickels and dimes and monthly checks are distributed with the same precise and mechanical ruthlessness as they are collected. The last nickel of the man who gets a wrong number may go toward the purchase of a pole. It may become another drop in the installment bucket that operator Ann Kelley is filling at the furrier's. Then again it may become the last unnoticed digit on a millionaire's bank statement.

This is the triumphant robot that strides the world, the machine par excellence, the new god of wires and wood and human flesh. And the Man, the Antagonist, where is he? Who is the David, the Beowulf, the Roland who will stand against this foe, feet widely planted, grim and ready for battles? The man in this case is a woman, and she is not (at least not consciously) an antagonist. She is little Mary Reilly.

ffic division operator, who thinks she is happy, or, if she is unhappy, es not know why, and would never suspect that it was because she is ing slowly dehumanized by a chromium-plated machine.

What prophet gazing at the first steam engine foretelling the dire consequences portentous in its belching fury could have anticipated the climax of social mechanization? Could he have imagined the final of dehumanization being staged in the quiet sumptuousness of a telephone office rest-room? He might have envisioned bodies charred by the angry breath of the engine, or maimed and twisted beneath its wheels. He might have seen behind the towering mammoth a grim titanic master ruthlessly directing this great new power to foster his own tyrannous rule. How surprised he would have been to descend the telephone office elevator and see the smiling pleasantries exchanged between the directors and the dehumanized victims—victims clothed in jewels and furs that would arouse envy in the heart of his most wealthy contemporaries. It is doubtful if he would have seen this glitter and luxury a confirmation of his first forebodings. Men always tend to underestimate the cleverness of the Devil.

Another interesting fact about the Telephone Company is that it is a subsidiary body in the whole economic system. It produces nothing. It merely communicates and ties together. In fact it lies at the heart of the entire system. Were it merely on the periphery of the social body, convinced of its evilness, we could cut it off. You could not cut off the telephone system without dealing a death blow to our entire economic system.

A summary of the case presents us with a dilemma. Human souls are being jeopardized by the dehumanizing atmosphere of the telephone company. This dehumanizing process is not due either to tyranny or faulty operation, but is a natural consequence of the system acting efficiently. To replace men with machines would solve nothing, but would in fact only make the remaining workers less responsible for their work. Socialization, whatever its advantages or disadvantages might be in other ways, would in no way make the work less inhuman. This being true, then you must weigh the advantages of the telephone system in the balance with the worth of human souls. If the Telephone Company were immutable as is commonly believed, then the answer would be to let the souls go to hell. The only other alternative would be to advocate an apostolate among the workers, knowing in advance that were they to become more Christian and thus more human, the very life of the Bell system would be jeopardized, and, in turn, the economic system itself. Of course, one can always find a third alternative if one is more concerned with finding alternatives than solutions, and that one would be to leave the thing just as it is, hoping that everyone in the company will compensate in his leisure hours for the intellectual

irresponsibility demanded of him during his hours of work. The latter method has been tried for the last quarter century without success.

In the case of the telephone worker we have a test case concerning just where Catholics must break with the present social system. Here we find no sweat shop conditions to distract us from the basic problem. The Bell system is not a tyrant forcing its services upon the people. The little things like working conditions, wages, pensions, vacation, as far as the women employees are concerned, do not cry out for reform. Here we can see clearly the corrupting influence of a mechanized system sterilized of all extraneous injustices operating upon the human being. There are no blood or calouses or bodies swollen by hunger to prejudice our judgment. The harm being done is spiritual. It is a hidden thing whispered about in confessionals, or buried in the subconscious. Is this hidden warfare of vice against virtue, the warfare for which we soldiers of Christ have been prepared? Isn't this the warfare which is uniquely ours, unshared by the sentimental humanists who deny the struggle which they cannot see? Isn't it precisely this quiet, continuous, persistent turning of men's minds from eternal verities, from altruistic charity, from God and the things of God, until there is nothing left to concern them but clothes, foods, and sensual delights, isn't this the prime evil of our times? To see that men get what is their due in material things,—this concerns even the pagan, but that men should be given the right to act as responsible beings can arouse only the sympathy of Christians.

Considered in its internal perfection as a machine, the Bell system is a tribute to the greatness of human genius. In its effects upon the human souls that keep it going, we have evidence of how petty the purpose to which human genius can be turned. This should point to us how very much we are in need of God as we work toward social reconstruction. If human genius can go so far astray, then certainly the new city to be built must be founded on a more dependable, a less fallible judgment. That human genius is needed cannot be denied, but it must be a genius moving as a humble instrument of the Holy Spirit.

What answer can there be to this problem of the man and the machine than that man must assert his dominion? His assertion will have validity only to the degree that by dominion he means co-creation, co-suffering, and co-redeeming with Christ. In practice this will mean that Mary Reilly, operator, after coming to the same conclusions that we have here, shall adopt the instrument forged in the fire of the Faith called, simply, Catholic Action.

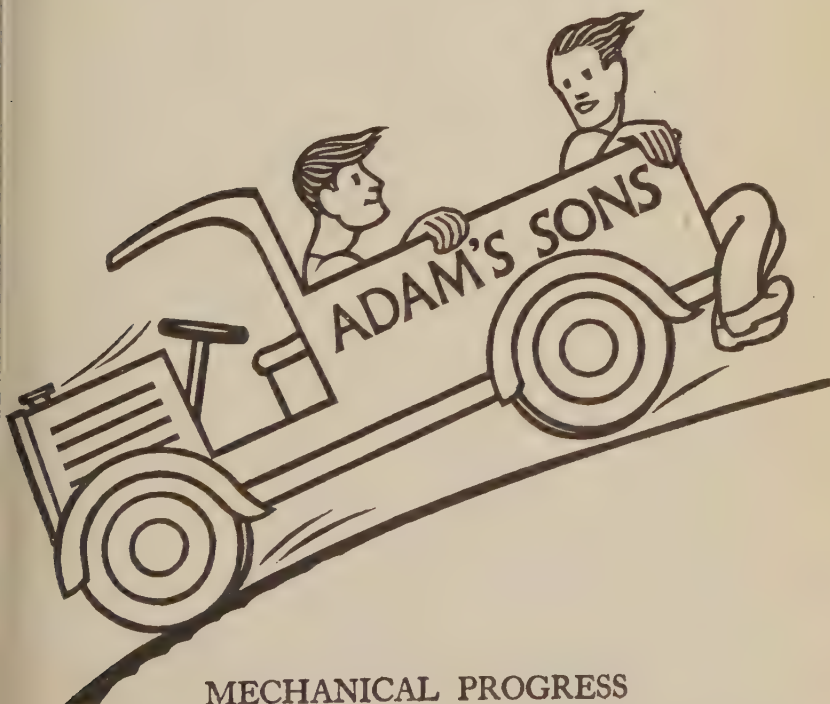
She, in company with those upon whom she can prevail, will approach her work as though she *were* a child of God and not a mere machine. Realizing the real source of her dignity, the stylish trappings of her supervisor will have little appeal. Money will appear a petty goal on

he has set out to restore all things in Christ. Thus will begin the Christian ferment.

In this case of the dehumanized worker within a vast interlocking system, only a few facts are clear: first, that the dehumanization must be replaced with Christian responsibility; secondly, that without automation the present system cannot continue to exist. The immediate steps to be taken are obvious, but the eventual results can only be known to God under Whose direction the first steps are taken.

To confess an inability to predict the social pattern which will eventually emerge after the ferment has begun, is merely to admit that the initial impetus proceeds from Faith. It is not as though we were starting a job we cannot finish, but that we are instruments for a time in a restoration begun by Christ and eventually resolved in His way.

This article was prepared by the editors
in collaboration with Marguerite Murray,
Sheila MacGill and others.



MECHANICAL PROGRESS

PHILLIP HAGREEN

The Smaller Nuts and Bolts

The second best butts of the radio comedians here in England (second only to mothers-in-law) are civil servants. They are supposed to attend their offices from ten to four, to spend their time, between cups of tea, passing jobs on to someone else and to be incapable of making any kind of decision. Journalists short of copy delight in ridiculing them. I am not going to swell their chorus. The conditions I am going to describe would probably exist in any very large concern such as a factory, or a bank, in a country which retains a faint idea that man has dignity but cannot remember why. They would be at their worst where the State has a monopoly, but I hope I shall never be able to verify this statement.

I entered civil service when it became plain that, owing to my own lack of real talent and the slump of the thirties, I should never support myself as a commercial artist. All my dullest contemporaries had become shorthand typists and seemed able to get and keep jobs, so, slowly and painfully I learned to write shorthand, to type and to use a good machine. After several false starts I was engaged by one of the government departments. The hours were from nine to four-thirty and the pay forty-five shillings a week, and I was expected to take a not very stiff examination in order to qualify for appointment on a permanent staff and a pension at sixty. My previous employer had paid me thirty-five shillings a week for working from nine to six-thirty and a job I could not lose sounded attractive, so I started work in very good spirits.

I was shown into a huge room containing about sixty typists, row upon row. This was the typing pool, or rather pools, each one serving several sections and doing their routine typing. The higher officials had their own attached typists, whose work can be very interesting, which that of typists in the pool rarely is, for they know nothing of the section or its work, and hardly ever see anyone outside the pool, especially if they do not do shorthand. They are given a piece of manuscript to copy and their responsibility ends with typing it correctly.

The noise was terrific. I was allotted a desk, given a piece of manuscript to copy and told to ask about anything I did not understand. The girls (many of them were going on fifty, but they were still called girls) were kind and helpful. I did not mind the size of the pool, for I was horribly nervous and hoped I should not even be noticed as I plodded away quietly in a corner. Halfway through the morning one of the girls made tea, and we stopped work for ten minutes, and there was another ten-minute tea break in the afternoon. Lunch and tea were the high spots in the day, though the monotony

was sometimes broken by an altercation between those who were too cold with the windows open and those who were too hot with them shut. After a week or so I was sent to take shorthand, not from anyone important, from little grey clerks, rather worried and middle-aged, and very civil and considerate. Not infrequently my supervisor sent my work back for correction, in which she was probably quite right, though sometimes thought her far too particular. Sometimes the schoolroom atmosphere got on my nerves. After a time I became so bored with typing letters all very much alike over and over again that I hardly knew how to get through the day. I let my mind wander, but this was misguided, for typing is not a completely mechanical operation—or I was not a very good machine.

And yet I did not wish to leave. I had a pay envelope and security, and I was no longer a parasite. I felt I was far more free than I had been when I was hawking drawings around to agents who would not look at them; more free than a farmer trying to stave off bankruptcy, than a small shopkeeper crushed by competition with chain stores, than the unemployed. There seemed to be no real freedom. Our conditions were rather better than those in the smaller private firms. Our Staff Association (which performs the functions of a trade union) took up real grievances. After all, someone had to do dull work, and we had plenty of spare time, reasonable holidays, and provision for sick leave which covered most kinds of emergencies. Life began at five o'clock. I knew even then that our conditions were good in order that the service could pick and choose its staff, and not through any real concern for us, but after all my private life was my own, and it was no one's business but mine.

When the war broke out the atmosphere changed considerably. I had been transferred to a department which dealt with one of the fighting services and the volume of work, even before the war, was enormous. Since air raids were expected almost at once, most of the staff were evacuated to remote parts of the country, which was hard on married men separated from their families and for those whose land-ladies were disagreeable. We had, of course, none of the concessions and conveniences provided for members of the forces, but were just as liable to be moved about and to work irregular hours, and of course we were not so popular. Fortunately for me I was not evacuated, so I still had my home, though I also had the "blitz" in due course. All my private interests, however, came to an end, friends were scattered or working on shifts which did not fit in with my own, and everything was shut except the pubs and cinemas. There was nothing but work and the blackout. We had floods of new staff, floods of work, all-night duties, late duties, conferences in the middle of the night. It was stimulating but exhausting. Some people took advantage of the irregu-

lar hours and lack of supervision to do pretty much as they liked, which made life hard for the innocents who still did their work. The disciplinary screw was put on. Our hours were fixed at fifty-one a week though this figure was often exceeded. As many typists as possible worked in pools under supervisors. We hammered and hammered and hammered. It was like eating stale bread against time without a drink. We had directed labor. Some of the directees were excellent, but some made it plain that they had not wanted to come and were going to do as little as they could, so the supervisors became rather more unpleasant and more work was thrown on the willing. Some tried to behave badly as they could, hoping they would be dismissed, apparently not realizing that the animals had probably played that game in the animal house. Some were women the service would not, before the war, have kept a week. Their conversation was foul and their conduct matched; and the younger girls thought them smart. We never got away from our desks. We could hardly keep awake at the end of the day, especially if we had been up all night fire-watching. We forgot we had ever been other than tired. We got our rations in a wild scramble if we were lucky, but sometimes did not get them. Our feeding habits would have ruined the digestion of a goat. We were too tired to do anything but drink or go to the pictures. We lost touch with our friends or with any outside interest. For many of us the only opportunity for making new friends was by casual contact—picking up, in fact. Considerable freedom of behavior was expected, and most people drank too much. No one minded what happened to anyone as long as the work was done. Our private life, if any, was our own affair. We were moved from one job to another at a moment's notice. We were not persons any more, we were machines grinding out work. No one cared whether we were happy or not, and it was up to us to make the best of any place in which we found ourselves. We could not leave, except to another part of the war machine (to the services, or the Land Army) and they could not get rid of us. We were part of the office furniture. Windows were blown out and patched with board, offices got darker and blackout curtains dirtier and more ragged, equipment more makeshift, living more hectic. We forgot we had ever been human. There was a war on and we were cogs in the machine, very little cogs, easily replaceable at a moment's notice.

I do not think that anyone with whom we had direct contact was to blame. Supervisors were only very rarely bullies. They led a dog's life and they had to get the work done, often by staffs who were being deliberately difficult. In cases of real trouble they were usually sympathetic. Married women had special leave concessions, which no one resented, though it was known that some took an unfair advantage of it, and it was very awkward when half a dozen husbands all came

me on leave at about the same time and their wives all had leave to
with them. The Staff Association did good work in the matter of
better pay to meet the higher cost of living, and was ready to take up
individual grievances, but its activities were hampered because everyone
had too much work in the office and could not give enough time to it.

It is permitted to do a number of things when one's life is at stake
which would be wrong in normal circumstances. All this was probably
avoidable, but how anyone who has had a temporary taste of com-
plete State control could wish for its continuance is a mystery to me.
I suppose people who have been treated as machines since they left
school at fourteen would not find it abnormal.

Much has been written about the evils of such a life and much of
it is off the mark. The work is, for example, not purely mechanical,
but highly skilled, as anyone will realize who has suffered from the
services of an unskilled typist. It is possible to take a pride in it, and
many girls do, though the reward for superior skill is generally being
sent to work for the man with the worst temper in the department.
It is not so inhuman. One can study human nature anywhere, and
getting on with thoroughly uncongenial people is a fine art. Branches
do not have much say in the selection of their staff, but have to take
what is sent to them by a Central Establishment Section, though if the
worst comes to the worst they can apply for the removal of an unsatis-
factory member, who will be transferred elsewhere. Heads of branches,
however, stand a good deal as a rule, as a complaint might go in the
chief officer's confidential file and more weight be attached to it than
deserved. Promotion is slow and more or less by seniority, though it
is possible to be passed over, which dampens ambition but eliminates
the spirit of cut-throat competition. Everyone is ready to help a new-
comer. In a way the work would be less trying if it were more mechani-
cal than it is, for then one could think of other things while one worked,
but it demands attention while it does not feed the mind, and so at the
end of the day one is nervously and physically exhausted and mentally
hungry. Inevitably one looks for unexacting distraction, for light litera-
ture, the cinema, or what you will. It did not take me long to discover
that office workers are much dirtier in their conversation than art stu-
dents; the latter guffaw, the former snigger. Office talk deals chiefly
with scandal, horrors and things which (they say) ought not to be
allowed. I think putrefaction of the imagination is the direct conse-
quence of a life which frustrates that faculty. Delight in scenes of
brutality and lust on the screen, in sexy novels, in horrors and atrocities
in the papers, and scandal among one's friends is most general when
beauty both natural and supernatural is banished from life.

There is little obvious danger to faith and morals. Actually, re-
ligion is regarded as a private matter and it is not generally discussed,

which is probably as well since office controversy generally ends in personalities. One's religion is generally respected. The staffs are a fair cross section of the English middle class. They are amiable, laudably abiding, inclined to mistrust originality and novelty, and to resist interference with their comfort. They are kind in a quiet way, and have reserves of staying power and ingenuity which come to the surface in crisis, and they do not readily display their more intimate feelings. They are no more invariably virtuous than anyone else, but they are very respectable, and not likely to contaminate the morals of anyone who does not want to be contaminated. Embarrassing entanglements with men in superior positions, for example, are easy enough to avoid for the higher officials are themselves under authority and have no wish to provoke scandal. In any case one mixes very little with people outside one's own grade. Unscrupulous scandalmongering is universal; it adds a spice to life. Honesty and trustworthiness generally turn to the advantage of the owner, as does a capacity for holding one's tongue. On the other hand the assumption that religion is a private matter generates an atmosphere in which it can be completely overlooked. It appears to have no relation to one's work whatever, and may very easily be forgotten, especially when pressure of work is heavy. A habit of universal tolerance resulted, during the war when the service had to take such staff as was sent to it, in a great deal of very free speech indeed. This did very little harm, if any, to the older women, but did a good deal to the young and indiscriminating girls, who lapped up dirty jokes, the knowing little wisecracks and the sordid tidbits of information and believed that this was how modern grown up people behaved and thought. I do not know what their parents thought about it all. I have since come to the conclusion that the supervisor knew less of what went on than I once supposed. They had their work out trying to get too much done too quickly. Those of the girls who definitely disliked the prevailing atmosphere kept to themselves for the most part, thus preserving their dignity, while those who protested (sometimes tactlessly) acquired a reputation for being old fashioned, quarrelsome and cranky. No one likes to be thought any of these things, which is probably why so many held their tongues, but I have sometimes thought it would have been better had they been dignified. Authority can do practically nothing in such cases, for it cannot impose morality from outside, but a sound and informed public opinion carries a great deal of weight. Christians must, however, be able to say what they have to say in language that can be generally understood, and defend it in discussion, if necessary. We have nothing much to convert the vicious as to instruct the ignorant, and the ignorant in this case think they know everything.

It is possible to live this life without sacrificing any of our more precious principles, and because we are not asked to die for the Faith we are not deeply concerned. But we are only living half a life, most of us. We are not using half our faculties in our work, and though we may make up for it in our spare time, a crisis, a flood of work, or something may at any time take our private life away. We have no real right to it, and no real security except in the matter of bread and butter. We are allowed some spare time because we would be ill, and inefficient, if we did not rest sometimes. At the beginning of the war vacations were stopped altogether and were allowed again after a short time because there was so much sick leave. It is easy to get into the habit of thinking of oneself as a machine if one is treated as one, and of treating others as machines too. People tend to behave as they are treated; treat them as children and they will be childish, treat them as machines and they will become irresponsible and irrational, though they will not be very good machines or, for that matter, nice children. We are rapidly coming to the point when we shall be so organized that we shall never have time to think, or to do what we choose. We shall have conditioned minds and doped wills, and diseased souls, and the only people who will be able to resist the corruption will be those who are fully human—the saints. But men become saints through God's grace. Apart from that nothing is likely to help us, but with it anything can be used, even the machine.

I would not suggest, of course, that we shall never get out of the prison we have built for ourselves. Since the mechanized society does violence to its material—men—that material will one day destroy the society, but it may not be in our time, and it is by no means certain that the next phase will be any better. In fact, if we have allowed the machine to corrupt us completely it will quite certainly be worse, with nature spoiled, supernatural ignored and order (one of the virtues of a mechanized society) broken up. But there is abundant evidence that men are even now better than their institutions and there are reserves of courage, generosity and idealism still unsmothered and unpoisoned. Indeed it is probably the lively natural virtues and instincts which make life as bearable as it is. But like all natural things they can be destroyed, and the atmosphere of modern industrialism tends to wither up natural virtue as it withers other good and natural things. Many of us cannot leave the machine and if we are to avoid corruption we must use it. For some of us, strange though it may seem, it represents God's will and we must draw its sting by using it as a means of sanctification—it is an instrument of penance of the servants of God.

C. MARY LARKINS

London, England



*"I understand that this p
so I got Bertrell here to de
od that will save time, mon*



igned to produce saints ~
up, mass-production meth-
labor costs!"

Job Hunting and Vocation

Nothing could be more unnatural by way of discovering one's life work than the current, debasing system of "job-hunting." It would be more dignified, and nearer the true ideal, to be born a slave who grows up to take his place on his master's plantation. At least such a one *has a place*. Back of today's perusal of the want-ad columns, back of today's dreary trek from employment agency to employment agency, back even of the scheming and conniving through one's father's friends for "pull" is the terrifying assumption that one is extraneous to the world's affairs—that there is no place waiting but that an opening has to be hacked out in a desperate competitive effort at survival. The Christian idea and the currently accepted method are poles apart. The Christian idea is *vocation*; our commercial reality is *job-hunting*.

We speak of vocations to the religious life and the priesthood. Doesn't God call us also to tasks in the world? Yes He does, but the idea that one's daily work is a vocation is an idea that was lost through a perversion of it by Protestantism. Calvinism combined with industrialism to try to induce a religious fervor into what were not really vocations, but just jobs. We still have traces of that today, even among Catholics. "This is the job you have," they say, "therefore it is obviously the will of God—so consecrate yourself to it." The catch is that people do not find themselves in these jobs—they go hunting for them. There is no real evidence that they are doing the will of God, although, of course God has allowed them to be there. Historically, this false Calvinistic concept of vocation led to a single-minded intense devotion to money-making as the final end. It was one of the major factors in bringing about our industrial-capitalistic economic system. The great men of the modern world have been the saints and monks of business, for whom no sacrifice was too great. They were led by the beatific vision of Infinite Wealth. They gave a religious devotion to their lifework of building up a fortune.

The Calvinist error was not so much in advocating devotion to one's calling. It was in considering a job, or an opportunistic avaricious move, a "calling." The same thing holds today. Did God call you into the public relations field? Or were you manoeuvred in that direction by your own desire to earn a lot of money with minimum effort and maximum glamor? Has God planned from all eternity for you to throw away the natural gifts He gave you and suppress all your natural affections, in the interest of filing insurance policies accurately? If you are quite sure that He willed it so, then you can proceed in the purgatorial way of salvation. If you are not following God's will, but by your own inertia or craven love of material security, beware! Every talent will have to be accounted for.

The Mechanism and the Organism

There are two kinds of societies. The organic society (a Christian society will always be organic) is one in which each man has a *functional* place, no two doing exactly the same work (as the eye doesn't do what the ear does) but all contributing to the proper functioning of the whole, and each one necessary in some real way.

A mechanical society (as is industrial capitalism) rides roughshod over the delicate functional differences in men. It does not care to foster each man's unique talent. It is not interested in developing initiative and responsibility. It ignores one's brains and mind, preferring to regiment us under someone else's direction. This sort of society always tends toward total centralization and concentration of all forces, with fewer and fewer men at the top directing serried ranks of derationalized men. In addition to the men (a handful of men) who guide a mechanized society, there is a small intellectual coterie who subserve them. These are the engineers, inventors, scientists, etc. All these people use their brains and talents to the bursting point. Nobody else uses them at all. The work is accomplished a lot by machines, but the whole system is a vast machine, in which the ordinary man is a mere, unthinking mechanical part.

How do you find your place in such a set-up? You just go looking around until you find an opening. It doesn't matter much where, because your talents and desires are irrelevant to almost all the jobs. There is no reason why you should have this job rather than someone else, except that you got there first, or your Uncle Jim is the employment manager. Every once in a while the vast machine which is the system, expands or contracts for reasons having to do with its own basic lack of conformity to the true nature of things. Then machine parts called men are let out or taken on in droves. This being wanted or not being wanted, being useful or useless, is again something you suffer through no fault or action of your own—unless it be your share in the gigantic sin of omission which is the neglect to change the system.

A mechanical society is never in itself conformable to God's will, because it is not erected on man's rational nature, since it denies each man the use of his own reason and his own gifts in his daily work. It regiments men in a way fitted for termites, so it is wrong at its beginning. A good society, a Christian one, may take many different accidental forms, but it will always be organic, and in the main, functional. It may use machines. That isn't the point. It will not make of society one vast machine.

Today's Dilemma

Since a mechanistic society is *of itself* not conformed to God's will, how can we do God's will working within it? The answer is that we can't, as such. People who are conformed to God's will in such a so-

ciety will participate in the structure of society accidentally. A girl will spend fifty years filing or adding or sorting to support an invalid mother, and in so doing can become a saint. But the structure of society is accidental to her noble purpose. God looks to her sacrifice and not to the end of the work she is doing, because her sacrifice is the reason for her accepting a life of drudgery.* If our heroine had not been under the necessity of supporting her mother, but merely under the necessity of supporting herself, the case would be different. Could she be sure that God wanted her to follow the path of least resistance when there are things of God's work which need doing?

As a general principle, if one's life work is considered in itself and not in relation to some accidental reason or necessity, then it is impossible for a person to find his *vocation* (to do God's calling) in a mechanical society. He has to be in a functional, organic society, because that is the only society which allows for true vocation.

God's Economy Is Always Present

The answer to that dilemma is that God has a functional economy which operates regardless of how much we men mess up the economic and political order of things. If we can't be farmers or blacksmiths or artists (which were *vocations* in the essentially functional society of the Middle Ages), we can be apostles, and street speakers and textbook writers and holy attendants at insane asylums and contemplatives in monastery or elsewhere, which are some of the functional positions in God's contemporary organic society.

There are two economies today. There is the mechanical one in the material order, and there is God's economy in, shall we say, the supernatural order, which is related to the world's economy at all sorts of odd points, but the two are really antagonistic, because our mechanical society is what men have conjured up out of their godlessness.

God's Economy

God's economy is directed toward the salvation of souls, both immediately and through changing the world's economy so that it will conduce to the salvation instead of the destruction of souls. The keynote of God's economy is that it is apostolic. There are two main directions. First there is the general leavening process, the turning of men's hearts, one by one, away from avarice and materialism and sin to God. This is to be done within that other system which is so bad because the people are there who have to be leavened. It is this apostolic purpose which is sufficient reason (if it seems to be God's will) for Jane and Alice and Tom and Harry to remain at their filing and their benches—to bring their fellow workers to Christ. God can work

* (Of course she couldn't do evil even for her mother's sake, but this is the case of the person so remote from evil in which she might be cooperating as not to share in its immorality.)

anically within the mechanical monster which wants to destroy us. The other direction is the re-orientation of the institutions of society, which usually must be done with a certain amount of freedom of action, and therefore at a certain distance from the present order. The important thing to remember is that God does have an organic society which transcends a mechanical one, and in God's pattern each of us has a special functional place.

The Unique Nature of Today's Vocations

There is no point in crying over spilt milk or sighing for a more ordered society. You ought not to wish that you were a gently-bred English aristocrat instead of a New York City office girl with a Brooklyn accent. We are called to be saints, not culture vultures; and Brooklynese, previous personal experience as an alcoholic, night-school at Hunter College, and still-unmarried-at-twenty-eight, may prove to be more useful states in the economy of today's salvation than a perfect command of the French language, classical features, or a Ph.D. in Psychology. It certainly would have been unseemingly of Joan of Arc to have refused to command an army on the grounds that a woman's place is in the kitchen. The important thing is to do the will of God, to allow ourselves to be called to the vocations which God wishes, and for which we may find we were remotely preparing (according to the mysterious economy of God's Providence) even in the midst of heartache and darkness. We may not want to live in our own time, but God is always operating in the present, nor can it truthfully be said that we are unfortunate in the choice of our generation. Pius XI thought it a singular privilege to live in such exciting times. And so it is. It is a time for saints. The thing which is hard today, which is virtually impossible, is to muddle along.

Certain generalizations can be made about today's vocations, just from viewing the times. Certain it is that you will not be swimming with the crowd. You will definitely be going against the tide—at least until we succeed in changing the direction of the current. That is why job-hunting is so futile. The sort of jobs that are open are all jobs within the system, but we have to change the system, and most of the work will not be done from within. This is also why the educational system is off the beam. In general it is preparing us to *fit in*, where it ought to be preparing us to *make over*.

There will be, and in fact there already is, an increase in religious vocations to the contemplative life. The Trappist Monasteries, and the Carmels, are filling up, or are already full. The penance and prayer herein will form the basis for the work of those whose vocations are in the world. There will also be an increase in vocations of suffering in the world. There certainly is an increase in suffering, which seems to indicate (to the cancer victims, the starving and the oppressed) a voca-

tion to suffer willingly that the world may turn again to God.

There are no real secular vocations today, that is, vocations to the work of the world (which could be good in itself, of course) with regard to religious considerations. This is especially true among young, and it is what is meant by a general call to the lay apostolate. Today's street cleaner will have to work to convert his fellow street cleaners; today's doctor will have to restore Christian ideals of medicine; today's millionaire will have to start, for example, a movie company to tell of God; today's mother will have to raise saints (and stop worrying about health, education, and manners); today's writer will have to write the Good News; and vast numbers of us will have to get out of what we are doing or what we are trained to do, in order to initiate or cooperate with some other work we haven't yet dreamt of.

Now the basic reason for this change from secularism is that the problems that are important problems today are spiritual problems at their roots, and we Catholics have to attack the problems at the roots. That means that not only must we have religious motives for spiritual development, but what we are doing must have as its discernible end the restoration of all things in Christ.

How to Find YOUR Vocation

As I have tried to show, the difference between a Christian and a secular society does not lie in the fact that there are vocations in the former and not in the latter, but in the fact that in a secular society vocations (as contrasted with jobs) transcend the established economic or political order. Since such is the case one will not easily fall into one's vocation; the less easily the more one is a materialist. This is why a secular society is advantageous to the Devil. It is harder to save your soul if you have not found your rightful place in society (as anyone can testify who is married to the wrong husband or who is typing when she wants to paint, or writing advertising copy when he wants to build houses). And it is much harder to find your vocation in a secular society. The Popes have put it this way: today it is impossible to be mediocre. They mean that if you are mediocre, if you only make a half-hearted effort, you will be carried off by the trend of the times in the loss of your soul.

Most people fail to find their vocations through lack of sufficient spiritual development. A vocation is a calling from God, which means you have to be near enough to hear God above the din of worldly noise. The most practical advice that can be given to a young man or woman in search of a lifework is to go to Mass and Communion every morning and learn how to pray. The great saints reached so great intimacy with God that they were almost directed from within by the prompting of the Holy Ghost. You won't have to reach that stage before you find your vocation, but increased holiness means increased docility.

Holy Ghost acting through the gifts which we all have latently. However, in general a deepened spiritual life will make you spiritually sensitive and you will begin to see God's order of things, the order into which you will fit.

Since today's vocations are, because of the nature of the Church's situation, apostolic, the more one develops an apostolic sense the closer one will approach one's vocation. It is important to realize this. Some people think it is enough that a work be good in itself for them to do it. It is a good thing to dust furniture, but not when the house is on fire. It is a good thing to sit on the grass and drink lemonade, but not while a child is drowning in the lake in front of you.

If you use your head and deepen your spiritual life, God will show you your vocation. It will be indicated through circumstances, through reason and through your talents, which will soon begin asserting themselves.

When you have found your rightful path, it will probably be an old one and even a mysterious one, but you will have that sense of peace which comes from being in harmony with God's will and which is at the opposite pole from that resignation which comes upon mechanized slaves who have ceased to protest. There will also be a blessed relief from the temptation to envy. People richer, more famous, better dressed, healthier, even doing nobler things will leave you unmoved, and you will sincerely wish them well. In God's economy each man knows he has only to perform his own function well. Does the ear envy the eye? Neither will we envy and emulate millionaires and movie actresses when we have found our vocations in God's functional order.

PETER MICHAELS



LAST OF THE CRAFTSMEN

He summoned every ounce of skill,
He clenched his teeth, and then,
With shaking hand and noble will,
He filled his fountain pen.

To a Catholic Farmer

You said: "God with you,"
When you left the city—
You to your farm, I to my office desk
And dully wonder where I stare
And wish that I might live the words—
The words we speak with vehemence
At dinners and around a glass,
The pure, courageous words
When they are lived,
The burbly, plummet—words
When they are merely spoken.
You, on the land,
We, on swivel chairs;
You live the words,
We speak them.
"God with you," then,
In the country, on the land,
Toiling and praying,
Loving God and man.
"God with us," too,
Toiling and talking in the city,
Talking, talking—
God help us!

JOE DEVER

The Care and Feeding of Clerks

In Detroit every day thousands of clerks pour into office and factory. This is the daily smelt run which snatches the clerk from the warmth of his family and, at the end of the day, tosses him back to toil his muscles and unplait his nerves. He files up the skyscraper his proper layer and creeps into the factory to occupy his six square feet of space that a machine could occupy at less expense. There he sheathes his fountain pen, buzzes his calculator, and begins the parade of papers by which managers control this great machine, the industrial corporation.

In the opinion of Peter Drucker, "the large mass production plant is our social reality, our representative institution, which has to carry the burden of our dreams."

He has likewise characterized Detroit as being, in contrast to the worker in the industrial plant, "a social jungle."

But the white collar man sits contentedly at his desk; the well-to-do stenographer chews her gum with great dignity. They both consider themselves above their greasy brother, who works downstairs at the drill press or on the assembly line.

The organized factory worker grumbles at his machine, the man on the assembly line makes his kindergarten motions according to plan. They have both surrendered their wills to the machine. But they have bucked back. They have formed associations in which they call each other "brother." They have gained back some of the citizenship they lost to the machine. They work in the factory under an armed truce. Theirs is a fight every inch of the way.

But the clerk is a hothouse plant cultivated by the corporation. He is secure and well fed. So is a maggot on a dying carcass.

The factory worker is face to face with the problem of the machine and dehumanized labor. The clerk ignores the problem, in the midst of the great machine of predestination, the bureaucratic house of paper which he supports, and to which he surrenders his will. Insofar as his educational claims are higher, his surrender is more to be blamed.

The man in the shop has turned and at least attempted to find the road to a changed order, but the clerk is content to stay upon the broad highway that leads to chaos.

The machine has at one end the laborers and clerks, and at the other the pseudo-owners, who draw interest in proportion to their lack of interest. In the control room is the select clique of management, the men who use all the dollars of the coupon clippers and all the energy of the button-pushers for private ends.

This is the great bureaucracy, the private collectivism which is

ready at hand when the machine breaks down and the strong man takes over. The servile state, like the servile corporation, needs an abundance of clerks to measure, label, and catalogue its victims. The greatest danger is not in some well-planned plot of those in control, who seek to extend control, but rather in the huge machine which moves, from ill-will, but rather from no-will, from its combined servility. In such a will-less state it could become an instrument of the Devil. One now in industrialism really wills the chaos it causes and will continue to cause. The dire result of the legal anarchy of the free enterprise upon which our industrial system was based, the surrender of the freedom of hundreds of thousands of men, was never really intended in itself.

As James T. Farrell has said, "capitalist society creates the conditions which deform the human nature of both the exploited and the exploiter, who therefore pay a moral price."

The problem of the clerk in the corporation is the problem of free will. It is the problem of surrendering small freedoms so often that it becomes habitual. The machine does not make mistakes. It does not need Confession or absolution. It is the human element that makes mistakes (and the corporation always says "human element" in an apologetic tone) and hence is in continual need of the spiritual. The machine order is the attempt to predestine everything in an attempt to get along without God.

All the acts of the clerk are subject to schedules, directives, procedures. He draws a line from dot 1 and when he reaches dot 2 he has the complete picture. Nothing is left to chance or grace.

Although there is some vegetable activity in the human body over which the owner of the body exerts no control, nevertheless the clerk, being human, resents becoming a total vegetable to someone else's brain. He knows that human acts are free and enter the realm of morals. He feels that he should merit praise or blame, should be responsible.

Of course he has the limited freedom of moving from one corporation to another. He can sink into the drugged sleep of routine which solves all problems by ignoring them. He can work in a continual state of frustration and develop stomach ulcers.

The clerk seeks security in the corporation. This he achieves as long as the corporation is secure. Capitalism seems to be able to insure everything except its own continuance. Using the business method of forecasting based upon past performance, we can only anticipate for the future of this system breakdowns, industrial civil war, world war. After all the suffering that the world has gone through lately, nothing fundamental in our society has yet been changed.

Since the corporation is organized for efficiency, it reduces

blems to production problems. Mere activity is proposed to solve woes. This concentration upon a mechanical solution stems from the religion of the sales-priest, whose creed is that for every ill there is a remedy that can be bought.

All the benefits of membership in the machine organization are technical and not vocational. Individual skill has all but disappeared. The clerk is willing to give his devotion to the machine, at work and at home. If he is willing, by saving and sacrificing the size of his family, to eke out possessions that the slick magazines postulate, he will attain status in the community and leadership. His rewards will be in proportion to his devotion to the machine. The clerk is a vital part of the measurement machinery of the corporation, by which everything a man does is reduced to dollars as the key to all values in the corporation. These values are recorded according to the accounting procedure, which is an encyclopedia of the clerk's movements.

Manpower needs are measured by the product. The building of a unit is reduced to time, the labor of men is reduced to time. From this is calculated the number of men needed, down to the last half-man.

The clerk clocks the machine-tender or the gentleman-in-waiting on the assembly line. He reduces motions to minutes, measures each muscle ripple, and puts a price tag on it. This is an imperfect method until meters are developed to record the exact amount of human energy expended.

The category of human energy is the flattering place reserved by economists for men who labor. The clerk knows that he too is in this corner, and consoles himself that he is expendable in mental rather than muscular energy. This is a means of reducing the troublesome human element to dollars so that it can be fitted into the proper column. As the machine can shape material in any way, the corporative machine can better absorb humanity if it is reduced to a quantity basis. If it is something you can buy, it is easier to stop buying it when you no longer need it than if you remember that you are talking about men who eat and love and pray.

The literature of management continually recommends one operation where two operated before and studies to conform human motions more closely with those of the machine, to add a machine technique wherever a human one can be eliminated. On the basis of cost alone the ultimate aim is completely mechanical production.

In some factories psychiatry is being introduced to cure men who get out of harmony with machines. It is less expensive to adjust the man than to adjust the machine. Ironically, one of the recommended remedies is occupational therapy, or keeping the mind and hands busy with handicrafts and hobbies. This has been learned from war cases.

One might get the idea that the delicate organism that is man can bear the shocks of mass production or modern war. Yet no one suggests as a mass remedy and preventive therapy that we abandon mass production.

The men who pose as realists have set up an unrealistic philosophy of economics, finance, banking, and a complete mythology of business. The bright young clerks know that they can advance by obtaining a degree in these mythologies, which teach how the machine could work in a vacuum. In reality the machinery of mass abundance has always failed in one or the other of its products. If it manufactured sufficient goods, it created a scarcity of money and, if it created enough money, there was a scarcity of goods.

So the corporation proceeds, led by managers who dwell in marble halls, underlaid by strata upon strata of clerks and factory hands. Here every clerk and machine-tender has all his movements mapped, clocked, blueprinted, so that no one proceeds without instruction. All movements are predestined to the ultimate goal of profit. These are human acts, which have not a money value but a moral value. A man is saved by what he does, and how can he be saved if he does what someone details to him? This is the problem the clerk should face.

He needs to love, but he cannot love a corporation. Perhaps this is why the big company with a single owner, although it has the ideal machinery of impersonal operation, commands more loyalty. It helps to explain the emotional appeal of the strong man over the wrangling of parliaments. It helps to explain the retention of the pretence of royalty by a socialist England. Men can only love a person.

Our lady clerk is wedded to her typewriter or a filing case, waiting for her knight in Arrow collar. She is led to believe that romance is promoted by underlining all her physical qualities, with the mass production products of the drug cartellists. Sex is advertised above the qualities of the valiant woman. The pin-up girl and calendar are symbols of a love-starved society which substitutes sex indulgence for solid family love. The busy clerk and manager can only find love and fatherhood a spare time occupation in the rush to be a high cog in the machine.

The clerk does not always see the problem of selling his freedom because he is trained in conformity. He surrenders freedom of choice to the advertisers, who practice on the belief that familiarity breeds consent. The radio tells him what to laugh at and the daily press repeats his thoughts. Just as nothing is so upsetting to the neat order of the corporation as someone with an individual method of working, nothing so upsets the clerk as to be told that everything is not all right.

at the company's institutional advertising tells half-truths, and that
tubbs, radios, and telephones leave a few voids.

"I only want to be left alone," he bewails, "to my neat house, my
children, a few drinks and poker on Saturday night, and washing
my car on Sunday. Why does Europe set her orphans on my doorstep?
Why do colored people swarm around me and threaten the sanctity of
my real estate?"

The cult of uniformity tells him to go along with the majority.
If you don't get it, someone else will. It is the machine theory that no
one can rise above the crowd. Don't be a dope—join the party! You
can only improve by adding something to you, fail by having something
taken away. The inner transformation of the sinner by grace is out
of this world.

How Catholic clerks could leaven the mass of those conformists if
they believed so intensely as to dare to be considered a different people,
if they had the courage of the Amish for instance! But too many
Catholics are spiritual migrants, hiding in big city parishes. They want
to be known as good fellows, and not a bit different from the rest.

But the machine will be leavened for good or for evil. The forces
of evil are working, the forces of error march in massed battalions.
The forces of truth are so busy making money they have no time to
fight.

The unions fought when the economic pressure became too great.
If the pressure is not likely soon to be applied against the clerks by
management experienced in many battles of the committee rooms.
If the clerks ever coalesce into a leavening body, it must be from other
than economic motives.

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists fight within the un-
ions for true principles. If the unions are to be not merely anti-bodies,
they must not stop at material advantages of a temporary nature but
aim at complete revolution.

As Pope Pius XII said, organizations of professions and workers
are not to be understood as weapons for war, but as bridges which
serve all as a uniting bond. But the social mediums will not provide
peace unless "there is also a far-seeing and constant effort to infuse
the breath of spiritual and moral life into the very framework of in-
dustrial relations."

The clerks must come down from the merry-go-round of pride
while they still have time, and join with all workers to change this
machine order into a moral order. They must shun piety so individual-
istic that it is left in church with the votive lights.

If the corporation is one of our determining societies its fate may
help decide the fate of America. It will either be reformed or be de-
stroyed or be absorbed by the servile state. The city must be saved,

not by flight to the desert, but by its occupants becoming citizens. . . . clerks and workers must labor to transform the machine into a body. In the words of Pope Pius XII, a body calls for "a multiplicity of members who are linked together in such a way as to help one another; the healthy members come to the assistance of those ailing . . . the individual members do not live for themselves alone . . . all work in mutual collaboration for their common comfort. . . ."

The Holy Father is here describing the Church which is the Mystical Body of Christ and comparing it, following St. Paul, to the human body. Yet it differs from the human body in that all the members, while organically united, yet retain their personality. It is the surrender of personality in the modern corporation which makes it inorganic, a dead thing.

The Holy Father again says: "Deep mystery this, subject of infinite and un-
haustible meditation; that the salvation of many depends on the prayers and voluntary penances which the members of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ offer for this intention, and on the assistance of pastors, of souls and of the faithful, especially of fathers and mothers of families, which they must offer to our Divine Savior as though they were associates."

Industrialism will be redeemed by the sanctity of workers and clerks who will establish their independence from it through poverty of spirit, yet work within it by self-sanctification and the creation of leavening organizations within industrialism. Instead of souls as empty gourds from too much traffic with the material and perishable, must have souls that emptying themselves are filled with Christ.

If industrialism is not redeemed it will go the way of the sword of Gadara—over the precipice. The machine without the direction of God's will can only drive itself to its own destruction, just as the machine of non-Godly science appears to be in the creation of the instrument that will destroy all other creations.

The problem of the machine is the problem of human organization, and unless God builds the organization toward a divine destiny of love, they labor in vain who make it more efficient. The love of God and the love of neighbor in all the clerks and workers and managers can reform the industrial corporation, not that it may make *more better things* for more people, but *better people*.

JOHN C. HICKS

Detroit, Michigan

Gold Rush at Daybreak

Across the bellowed breath, night swiftly paces,
Dragging reluctant hours with luminous faces.
The sleeper clings to dream ropes, when the ringing
Bells send dawn from his corner, wildly swinging.
The city winds its reel, hauls and winnows
The confident sharks, and the clerical minnows.
The quiet mists away, as each grim voter
Becomes a meek appendage to a motor.
Clock hands salute the pilgrims who have started
To climb the marble towers of the time-hearted.
All roads lead to where the gold is panned,
And every ant takes up his grain of sand.

The Unforgiven

A poor man who was in distress,
Went to his banker to confess:
Penitent, he shamelessly
Accused himself of charity,
Admitted he lacked grace to cope
With the vice of habitual hope,
And that he had fallen in
A chronic state of capital sin;
Confessed that love had lapped logistics,
In many crimes against statistics,
Had ninety-nine times been careless with money,
And when the sordid tale was done, he
Unabsolved went out from there.
Not he, the banker, had despair.

JOHN HICKS



EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL

PHILLIP HAGREEN

The Devil of It

Not very long ago *The Tablet*, the English Catholic journal, quoted in an article called *A Time for Fortitude* a very fine saying of an English Member of Parliament, Mr. W. J. Brown. The quotation ran, almost word for word, as follows:

We should not for any consideration—party loyalty, the desire to retain our friends, the fear of ridicule, or of being alone—acquiesce in what we know to be wrong. We should never connive at evil because out of evil good may come. For it doesn't. From evil comes only greater evil, until that apocalypse in which it is the fate of evil ultimately to destroy itself. . . .

We may compare, fruitfully I think, Mr. Brown's essential Catholic statement with the following from another Catholic journal:

Industrialism is usually regarded as essentially inimical to religion. It is a fact, of course, that the industrial masses are easier prey to irreligion than the country dwellers, the reason being that when man becomes industrialized his life is, to a large extent, dehumanized, and he himself tends to become a part of the machine he serves. . . . Industrialism means mass production. The latter, which does so much for the material comfort of the masses, entails the grouping of large numbers of people in factories and the herding of them in unlovely, overcrowded conglomerations of mean dwellings, which all too often can only be called "homes" by an abuse of language. . . . Above all, it is a sad fact that in many parts of the world the toiling masses have drifted from the religious practice of their forebears, when they have not become actively hostile to religion. . . . Work should be the worker's prayer and his worship of God. Instead, it is regarded as a curse, as a necessary evil.

What a splendid statement of fact! What an illuminated, terse position of the evils inherent in industrialism.

But here are other sentences, equally illuminating—not, however, the problem itself, but of the writer's point of view—a point of view shared by perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of responsible, intelligent, generous and even very holy people:

The whole aim of civilization, that is, a general easing and sweetening of life, is the result of industrial progress, a progress unfortunately spoilt by something that has nothing to do with it, namely, a brutal selfishness which knows nothing beyond personal interest and the advantage of an individual, or a group of individuals.

I hold my head!

Is the whole aim of civilization a general easing and sweetening of life? Is it not rather to form noble characters? Is it not, for Christians, for Catholics, to become human members of the Mystical Body of Christ?

How can such a result be attained by industrial progress? The answer is not adequate to the end!

Industrial progress can have reference only to man's *material* well-being. Industrialism came into being to enrich the industrial bosses. Formerly it has been claimed that it gives comfort and leisure, and more and more of these. These are its *sole* aims.

But the society which aims at comfort and leisure aims also at something more.

Man is truly alive only when he is working to the fullness of his capacity, when the creative act proceeds from his whole nature, nobly directed. When man works to the fullness of his capacity—humanly, mentally, morally—he attains happiness. This we know from experience. It is also philosophically true. But industrial progress involves the making of things, not lovingly, as single entities, but in series. It involves the prostitution of man to a process in a mechanical chain. It also involves unemployment. Expansion of machine capacity *always* throws men out of work. It is also true that it is to the *interest* of industrialism to *create* unemployment. If there are unemployed—"a reserve of fluid labor"—wages will not rise beyond a certain level. Moreover, the unemployed must of necessity be slaves. Above all, industrialism involves of its very nature all the evils so graphically enumerated by our Catholic writer. These evils are its intrinsic, its inevitable spawn.

If we ponder these facts we are compelled to the conclusion that there was an absolute assumption to equate civilization *in any sense* with

industrial progress. Conditions today shout an explicit denial that states or as peoples we are civilized in any true sense of the word.

It may be argued that the people of the Middle Ages were as cultivated. Perhaps in some ways they were. But they were *very* more cultivated than we are in their judgments of values, in their knowledge of the truth and in their clear sense of what is good and what is evil. They sinned explicitly when they sinned, and that is a good deal more civilized than to deny the possibility of sin.

There has always been, since the fall of man, "a brutal selfishness which knows nothing beyond personal interest, and the advantage of the individual, or a group of individuals." But industrialism enabled this brutal selfishness to act on a worldwide scale, to enslave, not merely a man, or a section of the community, or even a nation, but the whole world.

The people of the Middle Ages sometimes behaved with frightful cruelty. Torture was refined. Today there is the same power in man's hands to inflict an individual refinement of torture, but there is also a capacity for torture on a colossal scale, thanks to the harnessing of industrialism to the specially evil devil of cruelty.

But, protests our author, and with him many another: "Industrialism cannot be said to be intrinsically wrong. . . . Industrialism does not sin in that it has sinned against itself, not that it is what it is."

Surely this is confusion worse confounded.

How can industrialism, which is a state and not a created will, which is "not in itself intrinsically wrong," be said to sin—above all against itself?

Making, however, an effort to discover the meaning in our author's mind, we pin ourselves down to the statement, so often reiterated, that industrialism in itself is not wrong. But then, in the same sense, so are contraceptives. As sharing being, both are good, beautiful and true. The trouble comes when they are *used*. For however good, beautiful and true industrialism may be in its philosophical mode of existence, in actual fact, here and now, down in this everyday struggle of life of ours, *it is intrinsically evil*, because of its very nature it uses soulless machines, men and women who have been created in God's own image and likeness.

By its fruits you shall know it.

* * *

It is useless to quote the famous passage in Ecclesiasticus in praise of craftsmen as a justification in Holy Writ for the industrial system. The whole point of industrialism is that it reduces men from the honorable status of craftsmanship to that of slavery. The slaves may revolt, it is true, within the limits of their prison house. Their shackles may receive, as a result of their revolt, a further coating of gilding; but

as the "hands" remain in the industrial system the shackles will
in.

A craftsman in the true sense of the word has, on the contrary,
dom to create as he wills within the boundaries of the thing to be
e, choice of material and tools, and complete responsibility. The
enter whose work is so perfectly described in the Book of Holy
dom was a craftsman. He was the exact opposite to an industrialist.
and compare:

Or if an artist, a carpenter, hath cut down a tree proper
for his use in the wood, and skillfully taken off all the bark
thereof, and with his art diligently formeth a vessel profit-
able for the common uses of life, and useth the chips of his
work to dress his meat, and taketh what was left thereof,
which is good for nothing, being a crooked piece of wood
and full of knots, carveth it diligently when he hath nothing
else to do, and by the skill of his art fashioneth it and maketh
it like the image of a man, or the resemblance of some beast,
laying it over with vermilion and painting it red, and cover-
ing every spot that is in it, and maketh a convenient dwelling-
place for it, and setting it on a wall and fastening it with
iron, providing for it lest it should fall, knowing that it is
unable to help itself. . . .

The inspired author of these words must himself have been a
ftsman. Note his almost ecstatically joyful enumeration of the vari-
stages of creative activity. The reader may profitably work out for
hself the various processes involved in the making of a statue in a
tory and all the effects of the various processes on the worker him-
f and on his immediate and general environment. He may also
mpare the results—the Chartres sculptures, for instance, with any
ss-produced pious object of today.

It is true that craftsmanship may involve drudgery in certain
ages of creative activity. The first rough chipping at a block of stone
reach the image embedded at its heart may be tedious and fatiguing.
woman in labor hath sorrow, and so may the craftsman! But in-
asingly, as the work progresses, joy is born. Whoever conceived
a factory hand rejoicing in the birth of a screw?

Watch a boy carving out a boat from a piece of firewood with a
knife. Note his complete absorption. Listen to his contented,
duced, unconscious whistle. See the flash of joy when his task is
npleted—the sensuous pleasure of his sudden relaxation from effort.
e boy is a craftsman, completely happy in his work.

Try to get a craftsman to leave his workshop a moment earlier
an he must, unless for meals, and then only because his wife calls him

insistently (I speak from experience). Try to get a factory hand to leave the factory, except for a heavy bribe!

Industrial progress can only consist in turning out more and things by industrial methods. But man is essentially a maker. lives, normally speaking, only by making—whether it be a garden, his own soul. The things he makes can have nobility only if he himself is trying to make them well and is making them to the fullness of his capacity. What possible nobility can there be in things turned out by the million without the faintest impress of the mind of the man who is making them!

God made us in His own image and likeness. Everything that man makes must still be made in God's image and likeness and good in its own if it is to be seen to be good. But how can things turned out in vast series in a factory be made in the image of a maker who perfects only one process in the making of it?

A daughter of mine was recently shown over a factory. She asked one of the workmen what the thing was of which he was making a certain part. *He did not know.* That it should be possible that human beings should, over a great part of the globe, spend their lives doing *sub-human* acts in the process of making *they know not what* is not increased civilization but the end of it.

But, it is protested, if things are made in factories in greater numbers, then people will have more leisure for recreation—even for contemplation.

They *will* have greater leisure—more perhaps than they want. They *may* use it possibly for recreation, or even for contemplation. But the majority, however,—those who are not crucified saints, those who are *normal* people—make their leisure fruitful? Will people who are *acted*, to put it mildly, in a sub-human fashion for most of the day, be able to act as civilized beings for the rest of it? They may. It is to be hoped they *will*. But what *actually* happens?

In some cases release brings craving for unhealthy excitement. In the majority there will be at least an over-intense desire for distraction from the monotony of the day. But to satisfy it, mechanized industrial amusements are the only ones accessible. There are the films; there are the mechanized amusement centers, there is the radio—perhaps capable of good. But again, what *actually* occurs?

The films—not all, but the majority—provide, not healthy amusement, but unhealthy emotional escape. So too with the amusement centers. The radio has perhaps, on the whole, a higher standard (than the English radio). Yet, however good its programs, there is this evident and inherent in it, that it tends to make men more and more receptive to their attitude to what they hear and to become less active on their own account.

Think of the vast numbers to whom the sound of a radio is a necessity like a drug. They would make music or poetry or drama themselves once more if there were no cinemas and no radios. They would become creators of beauty. They would become diggers for truth. They would have time to look into the claims of propaganda and to chew the cud of information and so digest it. They would thus stand a chance of being swamped in a mounting tide of lies—as has happened to many people in many countries in the last four decades.

There is a story of a stranger in a countryside who had lost his way. He came across a girl at a point where four roads met and asked her to what place each of the four roads led. To each question she had only one answer, "I don't know." "You're not a very bright little girl, are you?" exclaimed the traveler. "No," she replied, and then, almost as an afterthought, "But I haven't lost my way."

The story seems somehow pertinent.

* * *

It may be objected that the foregoing comments are unhelpful because unconstructive. Unconstructive, certainly, as far as they go, but digging down to foundations is a necessary preliminary to sound construction. We have to be sure we are on the rock of truth. And, apart from revelation and inspiration, truth can be discovered only by rejection of error.

When people hear the sort of things said that I have been saying in this article, many grow violent. "But you can't put the clock back," they protest. That great philosopher and thinker, G. K. Chesterton, pointed out quite simply that you could.

Certainly we cannot escape in a hurry from industrialism. The thing is too big. It has trapped most of the peoples of the world. But the first and easiest method of attack on this hydra-headed monster is an extremely easy one. It consists merely in preventing ourselves from being bamboozled into the notion that it is not a monster at all, but the hero of the piece. We are in its grip but let us at least be frank about it. It is quite beastly, and we have to do everything in our power to prevent it from totally destroying us.

We can do comparatively little, it is true, of a constructive order, considering the type and magnitude of the conflict. But if all of us did what we could, it would make a great difference in the end. We could, for instance, when practicable, get a craftsman to make the things we need instead of buying them at a chain store. We could also, when practicable, make things ourselves. We could, when practicable, grow things. We could create, as far as possible, our own amusements. We could create our own amusements—plays, choirs, orchestras, outdoor games

and so on—is like becoming a member of a large and eager family with all the rough and tumble resulting from the experience. Always having to be amused is like being an only child.

Individuals are sometimes in a position to escape clean out of the industrial system. Some of them farm, and furiously hard and remitting work they are likely to find it. But at least they go to healthily tired of nights—as Shakespeare said, they “sweat in the of Phoebus and all night sleep in Elysium”—and at least, in this work of semi-starvation over many parts of it, and of real starvation in others they are eating genuine food. Oh, the savor of the butter and bacon and the eggs that I was able to eat in my youth! I could write a poem about them! I once even smoke-cured a ham myself in the living-room chimney. It was exquisite to taste and marvelous to live upon, even though at one moment I had found it on fire in the chimney.

Groups, too, escape from the industrial system. In America you have your Catholic Worker farms. Here in England there is a group of craftsmen known as the Guild of Saint Joseph and Saint Dominic. They have had, and will have, one way and another, hard times. Divine providence keeps them, and some of them have more commissions of work than they know how to cope with. One of this group made a woodcut which illustrates this article. He is pretty well known to our Catholic craftsmen in America. Another of the group is a carpenter, a third a sculptor, a fourth a weaver turning out mainly vestment stuff. And all these people have found that they can do real work at the same price the public is paying for the manufactured article (which was done before it was born because it was evolved in series), for there are no advertising costs, no middle-men and no shop overhead charges involved. And what they make will last for years, if not for centuries, whereas you know how long most things you buy in the ordinary way of this crazy life endure.

May the Holy Ghost bless us, and the lovely hands of the Sea and Wisdom guide us! In the end—even if atomic bombs fall, perhaps *because* they have fallen—we must win through.

AILEEN MARY CLEGG
Sussex, England

Please Pray For

The unity of all men in Christ. The period of prayer, called the *Christ Unity Octave*, is from January 18 through January 25.

Book Reviews

Vocation of the Intellectual

INTELLECTUAL LIFE:
Spirit, Conditions and Methods
A. D. Sertillanges, O.P.
Translated by Mary Ryan
Man, \$3.00

Books that only concern themselves with the spiritual life of the intellectual are rare. Most spiritual books confine themselves to warnings against pride in the spirit of the *Imitation*—it is better to feel compunction than to know how to define it. While this

perfectly true statement, it always gives the impression that if you know how to feel compunction, there is a very good chance that you do not feel it.

There is a vocation to the intellectual life; there must also be a spirituality adapted to the peculiarities of that life. Intellectuals, as others, have the obligation to attain perfection through their work. Negative precepts alone are inadequate for them as for other Christians.

Father Sertillanges is well fitted as a counsellor for intellectuals; his life has been dedicated to the pursuit of holiness in the Truth that is the vocation of the Dominican. This volume is a vade mecum for those engaged in intellectual work. It is addressed primarily to the young, but this advice will profit all but the most experienced and holy workers. The author best summarizes the problems that face the intellectual: "How many young people, with the pretension of being workers, miserably waste their days, their strength, the vigor of their intelligence, their ideal! Either they do not work—there is time enough!—or they work badly, capriciously, without knowing what they are nor where they are to go nor how to get there. Lectures, reading, choice of companions, the proportion of work and rest, of solitude and activity, of general culture and specialization, the spirit of study, the art of picking out and utilizing the maximum of output which will give an idea of what the future holds, is to be, the virtues to be acquired and developed,—nothing of all that is wrought out and no satisfactory fulfilment will follow."

In response to these difficulties, the author treats of the function of the intellectual, the virtues peculiar to him, the general organization of his life, the choice of work and his tools (reading, memory, notes), the first attempts at action. All is done in a spirit of great common sense, while an exalted mysticism, inspired by divinely revealed principles, is constantly presented to the intellectual. Briefly, the intellectual life is summarized in these words: "Every vocation is an enigma set us by nature and through nature by God: the question God proposes, God alone can answer. The gates of the infinite are always closed. The most precious part of anything is what is not expressed."

The disciplined regimen that Father Sertillanges demands of the intellectual is costly to human selfishness. Yet there is a great need for it today. There is more pressing than ever before, the need to recapture the intellect and its powers and lead them back to Christ. Some of those engaged in this great task are becoming despondent; they fear that the errors of modern man are too great for the Truth of God; they maintain that man has succeeded in so completely destroying his own reason that there is no longer a basis on which to build philosophical and theological truth in his mind. If this were true, intellectuals would no longer have a vocation; they have never looked upon themselves as frantic preservers of acquired truth, but as venturesome conquerors

of all the domains of truth opened to them by God. In this conquest error is as providential as truth. "St. Thomas, whose idea I base myself on here, concludes from these observations that we owe gratitude even to those who thus tested us, if because of them and their action we have made any kind of progress. Directly, we owe everything to truth alone, but indirectly we owe to those who are in error the mental development that, thanks to them, providence provides for us."

This book will be a constant stimulant to the intellectual. The translation by Mary Ryan is excellent, losing little of the original brilliance that marks the style of Father Sertillanges.

JAMES M. EGAN, O.P.

Poems About Our Lady

I SING OF A MAIDEN
By Sister M. Therese
Macmillan, \$4.50

In choosing *Our Blessed Mother* as the subject of her poetry anthology, Sister M. Therese, herself a distinguished poet, has undertaken an arduous, though joyous, quest. For Mary has been an irresistible and inexhaustible inspiration for poets of all ages, and her praises have come from the lips of every singer, in every language, in every land—even of those who, in the true sense, knew not their Son. Beginning with Old Testament prophecies and closing with the young voices of contemporary Americans, Sister Therese gives us chronologically the voices of this diverse choir.

Lovers of Mary will find here many of their favorites, and will be particularly grateful for the very fine biographical section which, almost as much as the poems, shows us how Mary, Mother of the Word Divine, has also been Mother of men's songs.

ELIZABETH SHEEHAN

BABIES ARE BETTER

Machines are very useful,

And sometimes quite produceful,

But if I have to make a choice,

I'd rather have some girls and boys





YOU ARE NOT RICH

enough to buy all the Sheed & Ward books you want, we think you will be interested in an idea we just had for

SHEED & WARD BOOK CIRCLES

It's third cousin to a Book Club, but not

234.8

I 24

1230 Old Mission Students' Theol.

FIFT

W YORK 3

WITH what wisdom shall he be furnished that holdeth the plough and glorieth in the goad, that driveth the oxen therewith, and is occupied in their labours; his whole talk is about the offspring of bulls?

He shall give his mind to turn up furrows; and his care is to give the kine fodder.

So every craftsman and workmaster that laboureth night and day, he that maketh graven seals, and by continual diligence varieth the figure; he shall give his mind to the resemblance of the picture, and by his working shall finish the work.

So doth the smith sitting by the anvil and considering the iron work. The vapour of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace.

The noise of the hammer is always in his ears; his eye is upon the pattern of the vessel he maketh.

He setteth his mind to finish his work; and his working to polish them to perfection.

So doth the potter sitting at his work, turning the wheel about with his feet, who is always carefully set to his work and maketh all his work by number.

He fashioneth the clay with his arm, and boweth down his strength before his feet.

He shall give his mind to finish the glazing; and his watching to make clean the furnace.

All these trust to their hands; and everyone is wise in his own art.

Without these a city is not built. . . .

They shall strengthen the state of the world; and their prayer shall be in the work of their craft.